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them in fearful aspects of terror and sublimity.

The speaker, after paying a merited tribute to Copley and Allston, entered upon a vindication of Benjamin West, and pointed out the political influences which led to his disparagement in England. He dwelt with emphasis upon the merits of this painter, whose simple monument he had seen in St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, with its meagre inscription. West had sat for many years on the throne of British art; but, while the marble which covers his ashes has no soothing word of regret or commendation, the monuments of artists around him are loud in eulogy. But marvellous changes had taken place in the sentiment of England between the period when West was received with honor, previous to our Revolution, and that of his death, after our independence; yet it is still more marvelous that American writers and American opinion were, even then, under the slavish influence of the British press. The mists of prejudice, however, have passed away in both countries, and both countries rejoice in his fame.

A brief account of the character and excellence of some of the paintings of West was given; but the speaker dwelt chiefly upon his transcendent composition of "Death on the Pale Horse." The difficulties over which this great artist triumphed; his life of moral and religious purity; his manners as a polished gentleman; his cordiality of feeling and generosity—were eloquently presented for approval and emulation. The audience, and especially the artists among them, were pointedly informed that he was a stranger to professional jealousy; that he assisted the meritorious; that the state of art in his own country lay near his heart; and that the formation of an academy of art in Philadelphia engaged his countenance and sympathy.

Mr. Tyson, in conclusion, earnestly commended the example of this distinguished man, in all these characteristics, to the study and imitation of American artists, and said that he hoped an institution like this might concentrate the scattered rays of the talent of his countrymen, and that, whether called upon in the beautiful province of statuary, or the lofty fields of pictorial art, its judgment might be impartially pronounced and its rewards faithfully distributed.

THE SCULPTOR PALMER.

THE fame of this great artist advances with each added work of his hands. Purely a native-born genius, his handiwork is peculiarly original, and yet marvelously perfect, as if he had long and closely studied Greek form and modern spiritual expression, and to these added his own individual impression of the beautiful. He has made little study of ancient or modern marble, for he has *not* "been abroad"—all his power and grace came from the intuition of his own self-reliant and well poised genius. Whatever he is, or may be, it can never be said "he copies this or that master"—he is his own master, and owes nothing to tuition—his success comes from intuition.

Anson G. Chester, Esq., lately visited Mr. Palmer's studio, and writes thus of the man and sculptor:

"As a man, Palmer is a superior specimen of his kind. He is thoroughly democratic in appearance and manners. His greatness is twinned by modesty. But when you observe his noble and massive head, his large, amiable face, and his intelligent and enthusiastic expression, you feel that no common person stands before you. In conversation he is earnest and genial; in information rich; in argument subtle; in illustration affluent. He talks ripplingly and musically, and his smile is as cordial and as golden as the smile of the morning. It is a peculiar smile—one that comes from the habit, perhaps, of viewing his own beautiful, and peaceful, and heavenly creations. At least we could not help thinking so.

"As a sculptor, Palmer is bound to head the native-born list. Next to Crawford in some things, he is the superior of the illustrious dead in others. He has more sentiment than Crawford had, and puts himself into his creations more than Crawford did. He is less stilted and less severe than Powers. Palmer is an original artist; a bold, enthusiastic and devoted artist, whose whole soul is in his duty, and who counts toil and weariness as nothidg, so that he may honor the art thereby. With Angelo, he holds that 'trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle.' We verily believe that he cares more for his mistress—which is his Art—to-day, than he cares for himself. He loses self in enthusiasm—an enthusi-

asm which does not warm like a fire, but rather glows like a furnace.

"We cannot linger to speak of the many exquisite productions which we found in Palmer's studio, but must mention some. There was an ideal head of the Law-Giver, which chained our gaze for the first half hour—and such a head! Its conception betrayed the true-born Poet as its execution did the dainty-fingered sculptor. There was "Resignation," too, bearing

—'The look of Heaven upon her brow,
Which limners give to the beloved disciple.'

"There was an idealized head of the sculptor's favorite child—so surpassingly beautiful that even Nature herself was shamed; and a *basso relievo* of 'Faith,' meet for its use—to teach the living in the place of the dead. But, above all, was a model, a simulacrum, of 'The White Captive'—intended as a companion to Palmer's glorious statue of 'The Indian Girl'—a life-size female figure, entirely nude. The right arm of the statue is bound, by the wrist, to a tree; the left arm is placed behind the back. This is a bold step in advance of custom and conventionalism, but it is one which we can but approve. In most female figures wrought by the sculptor's chisel there is some attitude or appallance indicative of conscious shame. In this there is nothing of the sort. And why should there be? Eve's modesty was her original inheritance. When she was pure she knew not she was naked. It was guilt that set her to sewing fig-leaves and creating a covering for herself. We take the ground that the position of the hand in the *Venus de Medici* and in the Greek Slave, is more immodest than otherwise. Let him who thinketh evil himself be responsible for the thought, and not charge his baseness upon an innocent block of marble. We cordially commend Palmer for his independence in this direction. If the world is not extra squeamish, this one manly innovation will be the making of him. The statue, as such—for we have referred to but one of its excellences—promises to rank among Palmer's greatest triumphs. This is praise meet for a god, but honesty prompts the utterance. The attitude, the play of muscle, the delicate moulding, the expression of the features,

'All are but parts of one' most perfect 'whole.'

Were we a sculptor's wife we should cer-

tainly be jealous. Why, we leave it to woman's curiosity to determine.

"Palmer's star is in the ascendant. It still swims the liquid ether—it is not yet moored in the zenith. We are to hear of great achievements before it leaves off climbing. Let us wait and watch."

AMERICAN SCULPTORS IN ITALY.



CORRESPONDENT
of the *London Post*,
writing from Rome,
says: New objects of
interest are perpetually
offered to the admiration
of lovers of art
in the private studios of

Rome. Amongst statues as yet in the clay I have remarked a very beautiful figure in the studio of Mr. Mozier, an American sculptor, who has developed, with great success, some of the Indian traditions of his country. The figure I allude to is taken from a story, preserved by Cooper, of an English girl being stolen by the Indians while quite a baby, from her father's settlement, and subsequently being brought back as the chieftain's bride, forgetful of her former home and relations, until recalled to babyhood by some infant air sung to her by her mother. Her returning consciousness is the point selected and admirably portrayed by the sculptor in his statue, which adds to its artistic merit the additional charms of novelty, individuality and historic truth.

C. R. McD., writing from Florence under date of April 12th, to the *New-York Home Journal*, refers to the sculptor, Joel T. Hart, in highly flattering terms, viz:

"Of Powers I need not speak. From the time that his Greek Slave was exhibited in America, his history became known throughout the length and breadth of the land. His 'Fisher-boy,' his 'Proserpine,' and now his statue of Webster, add to his fame. To some of your readers, Hart may be as well known. His reputation is still rising. Though probably, in truth, no greater artist now than he was three years ago, he has risen into a high, though just fame, which has been reflected back from England, where lately he has been passing some time in the labors of the studio. As Mr. Powers' great fame

was made a good deal by a single piece—his Greek Slave—so that of Hart has been suddenly increased by a single bust: that of the well-known Dr. Southwood Smith, of London—a noble head, it is true, for any sculptor, but one to which Mr. Hart has done splendid justice. * * *

* Commissions have followed him rapidly. He has just finished a bust of Mr. Fillmore, and is now engaged on a fine head of a gentleman in private life in the South. The *London Illustrated News* gives some account of Hart, which it may interest you to have. It speaks at large, as you will see, of an instrument which he has devised for saving the sitter's time, and for giving an accuracy of model which the mere eye can never attain. Of the *unmixed* value of the instrument, in making the artists's model from life, a little difference of opinion exists, perhaps, in Florence, where people cling to traditional usage. Some few persons—chiefly the Pre-Raphaelites, who, in their just regard for expression, think, unjustly, that form is *nothing*—have suggested (and perhaps rightly) that a man of so much genius as Hart, might perhaps do better by trusting exclusively to his eye and hand. All, however, acknowledge the great value of the instrument in many cases, as an *aid* to the artist, and all are warm in expressing their conviction that it will enable artists to take copies in plaster from the marble originals, with a perfection which, owing to the shrinking and changing of form that inevitably attend all castings made in the old way, though from the marble itself, has been hitherto unattainable. The English journals give to it unqualified approbation for every purpose; and it is certain that those who have seen the most of it, are the most convinced of its absolute value in every way in which it has been used.

"Hart's great statue of Henry Clay*—which will widely establish his fame in America, and, without doubt, I should hope, animate some of our cities to do like honor to other American statesmen—is now in a state well advanced to completion. The model has been, some time since, comple-

ted. The artist is, in fact, about to make the statue *in replica*. One above the size of nature, in marble, for the city of Richmond; the other quite colossal, in bronze, and for New-Orleans. That in marble is already in outline, and genius and character shine through the whole conception. Good fortune, too, seems to have attended the artist. His marble has turned out exquisite—without a spot or flaw in any part whatever. It is of the very finest Serravezza—a kind, much whiter (when pure throughout, as this is), and finer, than that of the neighboring mines of Carrara, and presents his great work to the best advantage. The model of the colossal *bronze* will be ready for casting in about four months; at which time Hart's work may be considered as done, and the caster's as beginning. The casting will be made at Munich, where Muller, notwithstanding the great and increasing fame of Florence castings, still maintains his European ascendancy. I have spoken enough, perhaps, of Hart's genius and now established reputation. I ought not, however, to omit to say that one of the most gratifying results of it all, to his countrymen, is the opportunities which it has afforded him, and which he generously uses, to aid his less successful brethren, just entering upon the sculptor's career. Americans here have remarked with animated expressions of regard for him, that, insensible of his own merits or reputation, his earliest efforts, with visitors to his studio, are directed to making known the merits of his brother artists, and of putting profitable commissions in their hands. I shall give you a second installment upon our artists hereafter."

Miss Hosmer is again in Rome pursuing her studies. Her "Beatrice Cenci" has led the public to anticipate much from her hands. She has in commission several busts, and, we believe, two or three compositions, allowing her choice of subject and treatment. In a future number of the *Journal*, we shall try and give a portrait of the lady, together with a sketch of her life and labors. She is one of the "representative" women of America.

* In reference to this great work, ordered by the patriotic "Clay Association" of New-Orleans, we may add the following particulars, for its interest to our readers: The artist, by the terms of the contract, undertakes to the best of his ability, a bronze statue, twelve feet six inches high, in conformity with a design of his own, that has been approved by the association, and to deliver it to the committee in New-Orleans and superintend its erection on or before the

1st day of January, 1860. He also contracts to make a design and working drawings for the pedestal. The monument associations agree to pay the artist for this work \$14,000—\$6,000 on the completion of the model and its readiness to be cast in bronze, and the remaining \$8,000 on the delivery of the statue to the committee. A letter from the artist gives a hope that the statue will be ready for inauguration on the 12th April, 1859.